FAIRGRIEVE AND YOUNG

HUMAN GEOGRAPHY BY GRADES

Book One

CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS

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"WISDOM TO COLD PREFER" *Shakespeare.*

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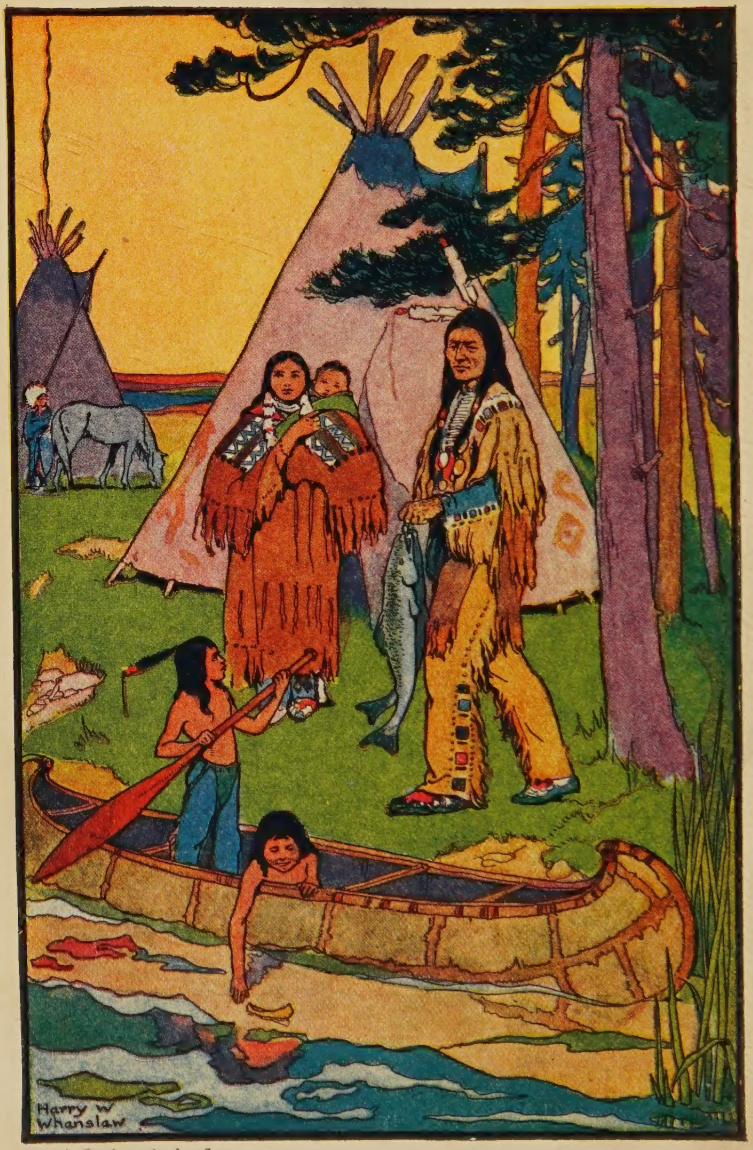
CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS



[Book I, *frontispiece*]

Indians at home.

CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS

BY

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PREFACE

The series of elementary geography books introduced by this little volume and its companion, *Homes Far Away*, is just what its name denotes—*human*. Everywhere the human note is predominant and the relation of man to his environment insisted upon. Further, the books are not merely human in the sense that they treat geography from the human point of view, but also because the kinds of human beings who live in different environments are fully described.

They are human, too, because they take account of the characteristics of the children by whom they will be used. Written by men in actual touch with the problem of teaching young children, they present the fundamental principles and the leading facts of geography in simple and interesting fashion. They are as logical as a proposition in geometry and almost as interesting as a fairy tale. No fact is given without its reason, and the reasons are presented in such a way as to appeal to the child mind. Facts have been chosen to illustrate geographical principles and not to compile a juvenile gazeteer.

The series is distinctly progressive both in difficulty of language and of idea. The two introductory volumes deal respectively with child and adult life in certain typical areas. The succeeding volumes cover the world on new and original lines, consistently unfolding the principles of regional, economic, and physical geography. Throughout the presentation of these principles is carefully prepared for, and they are introduced at the stages at which children are best able to understand them.

The present volume and its companion, *Homes Far Away,* are designed for children of the third grade. Primarily, of course, they are intended to be interesting readers, and they can be used to great advantage as such. But they have a deeper purpose. Through interesting story and description, the attempt is made to fix fundamental ideas of the relation of man to his environment, in preparation for the more formal study of geography in succeeding grades. This aim is further served by lavish use of authentic and effective illustrations. The combination of attractive text and illustrations with sound instruction adapts the books for use in silent reading and oral composition as well as in teaching the fundamentals of human geography.

The exercises which follow each chapter are especially devised to aid the latter purpose. They are, of course, by no means exhaustive and should be supplemented by the teacher. If skillfully used, such exercises will not only test the reader's understanding of the subject matter, but will serve to impress upon the pupil's mind a large amount of valuable geographical knowledge.

J. F.
E. Y.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	PREFACE	5
CHAPTER		
I.	THE MOON MAN	9
II.	CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC	15
III.	RED INDIAN CHILDREN	37
IV.	CHILDREN OF THE STEPPES	57
V	CHILDREN OF THE DESERT	79
VI.	CHILDREN OF THE SAVANNAS	97
VII.	CHILDREN OF THE FOREST	121

CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS

CHAPTER I

THE MOON MAN

I WAS sitting in front of the fire one night in winter, thinking it was about time I went to bed and to sleep. The shades were up, and I could see through the window, into the garden. The clouds were quite still, and there was no wind to stir the trees. But above the tops of the houses there was a big round moon, looking just like a ball of silver. I sang to myself,

"The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon
And . . ."

"Not a bit too soon," said a voice behind me. I turned round and there, right behind my chair, was the Man in the Moon himself. He had his lantern, his dog, and his bundle of sticks, just as I had always seen him in picture books.

"Good evening," said I.

"Good evening," said he.

"Do you speak English?" I asked.

"Of course," he replied.

"Well, then, I think you had better go home again. If you stay down here, the moonlight will go out, and you may lose your way."

"I never lose my way," said the Moon Man, "and the light will not go out till the morning."

"Will you tell me why you have come down here?" I asked him.

"Certainly. I have come to see the children of the earth. There are no children in the moon, so it is a little bit dull up there."

"You want to see the world?"

"No. I don't want to see the world at all. I don't like street cars and trains, and I don't want to sail in ships on the sea or fly in ships in the air. I have seen all these things from the windows of the moon. But the children are so small, I cannot watch them when they play, and their voices are so tiny, I cannot hear them when they sing."

"How do you know there are any children, if you have never seen them or heard them?" I asked.

"There was the Man in the Moon himself, with his lantern, his dog, and his bundle of sticks."

"Everybody knows the earth is full of children, even my dog."

And, sure enough, the dog was laughing at the idea of finding a baby somewhere, who would pull his tail and stroke his back.

"I like little ones myself," said I, "and if I can do anything to help you to see what you want to see, I will do it. Do you want to see white children or other kinds?"

"I didn't know there were any other kinds," said the Man from the Moon.

"Then you do not know much," I thought to myself, but I did not say so out loud, for I did not want him to think me rude. "Why, there are white babies, and yellow ones, and red ones, and even black ones—just like little living bits of coal. Now, which would you like to see first?"

"I don't care a bit," he said.

"In that case," said I, "let us go right to the very north, where the white bears live."

"That will do splendidly," he replied.

"But I do not know how to get there," I told him. "It would take us weeks and weeks, for there are no trains, and I could not walk so far. I am too old."

"There are no children in the moon, so it is a little bit dull up there."

"You jump on my back," said the Man from the Moon, "and show me the way, and we will be there in a few minutes."

So I jumped on his back, and the dog jumped on mine. The Man held his lantern in one hand and his bundle of sticks in the other, and, before you could count *one, two, three,* we were off through the air, faster than the fastest train.

I pointed out the way to the north; the little dog laughed to see such fun; the lantern twinkled; and, when I ought to have been fast asleep in bed, I found myself sitting on the North Pole.

EXERCISES

1. Point to the North; South; East; West.
2. How can you tell which direction is the North?
3. Try to obtain a compass. Show how to tell direction by the compass.
4. If you had no compass, how could you tell direction by the sun?
5. What is a *sun dial?* Can you construct one out of cardboard?
6. If the wind blows from the North, what effect is this likely to have upon the weather where you are? If from the South? East? West?
7. Try to tell from which direction the wind is blowing by observing the movement of the clouds, the waving of the flag on the top of the school building, etc.

CHAPTER II

CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC

"I CAN'T see any children here," said the Moon Man. "There is nothing but snow and ice, but I like the place. It is cold and bare, like my home in the moon."

"There are no children here," I replied. "You came so fast, I could not stop you, and you have flown over the land where the children of the North live. Let us go back a little way, and then you shall see some funny, small, yellow people, called Eskimos."

We went back some distance, and, after a time, we saw a number of round houses, like big basins turned upside down. They were made of blocks of snow, some with stones and sods.

"Here we are," I said.

"But I can't see any houses," replied the Man from the Moon.

"Those round things in the snow are the houses," I told him.

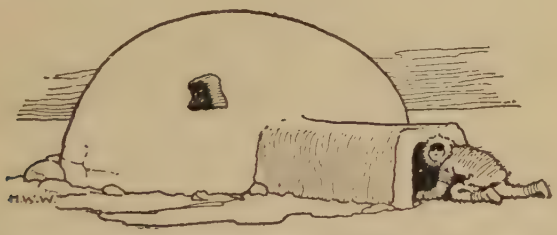
Courtesy of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

In winter the Eskimos live in low, round houses built of blocks of hard snow.

"Do they always live in this kind of house?" he asked.

"No, not always: only in the winter. Let us go inside this house and see whether any children live here."

There was a long tunnel of snow, leading to the door, and into this we crept, on our hands and knees, for there was not room to stand in the tunnel.



The entrance to the snow house is through a long tunnel; the only window is a block of ice.

I went first, the Man from the Moon came next, and the dog followed.

Now the Moon Man was stout, and he stuck in the tunnel.

"Help!" he cried.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I'm stuck," he replied.

With that, we heard someone move inside the house, and then a voice called out, "Who is there?"

Courtesy of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

The Eskimos make warm clothing from the skins of animals.

"Two men," I said. "But the other man is too fat to get through the passage."

"Wait a minute," called the voice, "and I will come to help you."

A short man came to us. He let me go in first, and then he took hold of the Man from the Moon and pulled with all his might. In a few minutes we were safe inside. The roof was so low that we could not stand upright, and we were glad to sit down on a bench under the ice window.

"Have you any children?" said the Moon Man.

"Five," replied the Eskimo, "but they are all in bed."

"Please wake one of them up and show him to me," said the Moon Man. "I have come so far to see them."

Then the Eskimo woke up the baby. It had a round, brown face, a flat nose, and big fat cheeks

Courtesy of Donald B. MacMillan.

Babies are carried in the large hoods on the women's coats; the men's coats have smaller hoods.

like large bubbles. The Moon Man patted its face, and the baby smiled, but it did not look at all pretty.

"He has a dark face," said the Moon Man.

"But he is not really as dark as that, you know," I said. "The Eskimo children are never washed. So they look darker than they are. They do not use soap."

Courtesy of Donald B. MacMillan

The Eskimos do not wash, and their thick, coarse, black hair is never cut.

"Well, we do not use soap in the moon either, but we are not dirty like that."

By this time, two or three other children were awake, and they came round to see who we were and what we wanted. They all had black hair, thick like that in the tail of a horse.

I looked at the biggest one, and said to his father, "That boy wants his hair cut."

"We do not cut our hair," said the Eskimo father. "If we once cut the hair, we should

have to keep it short always, and we do not like that. We wear our hair long. Besides, if a man has short hair, his dogs must have short tails to match, and we don't like cutting off the tails of the dogs."

"Suppose you did cut a boy's hair, with what would you do it?"

"With the jawbone of a shark. Nice kind of knife, isn't it?"

When the baby began to cry, the mother put it into a cradle, which was just a bag of soft feathers. There it lay, snug and warm, and it

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

For cooking and for heating their houses the Eskimos burn seal oil in an open stone lamp with a wick of moss.

soon fell asleep. But the boys wanted to show us all the things they played with, and did not go back to bed for a long time.

The youngest boy brought his playthings first. They looked like bits of skin, and we could not

The Eskimos train dogs to draw their sledges.

see much fun in them. But the little fellow was quite proud of them.

"What are they for?" I asked.

"They are reins."

"Reins?"

"Yes, to drive dogs with. Mother made them."

"Did she make you anything else?" inquired the Man from the Moon.

"Of course. She gave me a whip. When we go outside, I will show you how to make the puppies run when my whip goes *crack*."

"Shall we have a rest now?" asked the Moon Man.

"If you like. Then we can play with the Eskimo boys."

So we lay down and slept on the bench, by the wall. The Eskimos covered us up with furs, but we soon threw them all off, for it was very hot inside the hut. They kept a little lamp

Courtesy of Donald B. MacMillan.

The Eskimos depend upon fish for much of their food; many are caught by fishing through the ice.

burning all the time. They hate to be left in the dark.

We had breakfast as soon as we woke. I had hard work to eat mine, because I am not used to eating raw fish, and the fat of seals and whales. I tried a piece of seal's skin, with the hairs on

Copyright, Lomen Brothers.

Eskimo dogs are intelligent and hard workers, but many of them are bad tempered.

it, but the hairs stuck in my throat, and I said I had had enough. The Moon Man ate everything that they gave him. He was so greedy I was quite ashamed of him.

When breakfast was over, we went out into the open air. There were many dogs outside, and some of them looked rather fierce. But they did not bite us, and soon we were having a great deal of fun with the children. The boys had a little sledge on the ice. They tied the skin

Eskimo sledges are made of driftwood picked up on the coast; sometimes the runners are made of bone.

reins to it and pulled us round and round the house. The Moon Dog barked and shook his tail, but the Eskimo dogs would not play at all. They did not seem to like us a little bit.

Then one tiny chap, about six years old, showed us his boat, and wanted me to get inside and go on the water. But I was afraid of being upset. The Moon Man sat in one, and they pushed him away from the ice. The boat was

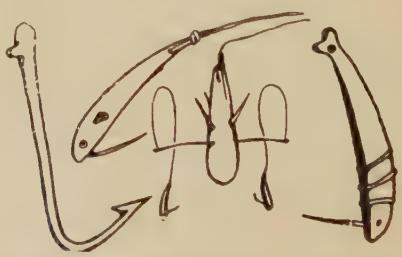
Eskimo canoes are made of skins carefully sewn together.

made of skins, and was covered all over, except where you got inside. The Moon Man lifted the paddle, took one stroke, and rolled over into the water. A little Eskimo darted to the side and helped him out again. When he had dried his clothes in the hut, he said, "I shan't try that again."

"Well, then, come and throw stones at birds," said one of the boys. "We kill birds that way, for food. We get a bit tired of seal meat and whale fat sometimes."

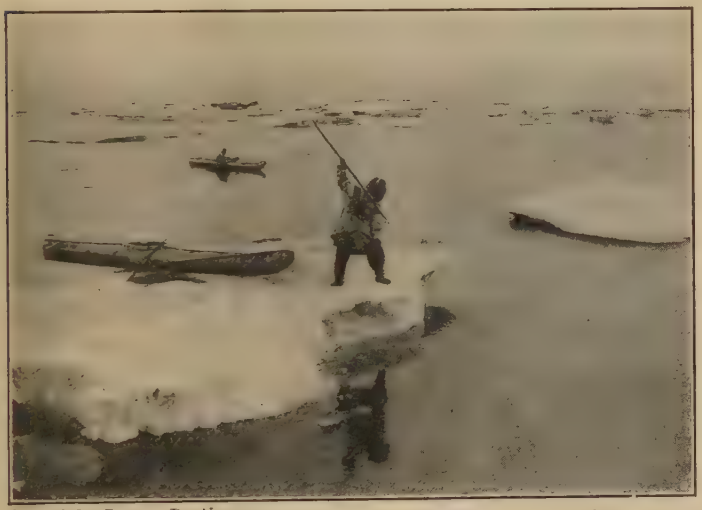
But we could not find any stones.

"Never mind," said the boy, "I will fetch my bow and arrow. We can shoot with that, and we shall have some sport."



Eskimo fishhooks are made of bone in many shapes.

He shot a small arrow and hit a bird, but we could not do the same thing though we tried ever so many times. Once I hit a piece of ice, and the Moon Man hit only his own dog. So we gave up that game too.



Copyright, Lomen Brothers.

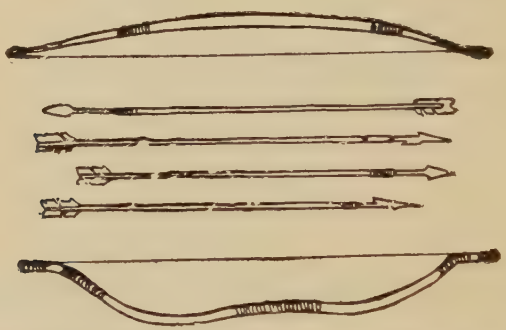
The Eskimos get nearly everything they need from animals that live in the sea, and they are always hunting.

We rolled down the snow hills, and we played at football with a ball made of skin and filled with sand. When we were tired, we went back to the door of the hut, and crawled through the tunnel. When we were inside the house, the Moon Man asked the mother, "Do the children never go to school?"

"If we live near a town they do," she said, "but there are no schools in this part of the country. In the town schools, they learn to read and to write. Here they learn to drive dogs and catch seals."

"Do they do sums? I don't like sums," said the Moon Man.

"They learn to count, but they can learn that at home. Look at the boy in the corner. His



Bows are made of driftwood and arrows are tipped with bone.

brother is teaching him to count." We watched the boys at the lesson. The little one was saying—*one, two, three,* and so on, up to *ten,* all the time counting on his fingers. When he got up to ten, he went on with—*eleven, twelve,* and so on to *twenty,* using his toes.

The girls learn to sew, to cook, and to make clothes out of skins. Sometimes they tell tales

Courtesy of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

The Eskimos are skillful hunters with the bow and arrow.

to their little brothers. One of the young girls was, at that very moment, telling a story, and we sat still to hear what she had to say. She began just as we do.

Once upon a time——

I saw that the Moon Man had his eyes wide open, and his ears too. He had never heard a story before in all his life.

Once upon a time, a man went to catch seals, but he got very tired and fell down on the

Courtesy of Donald B. MacMillan.

Now and then Eskimo hunters find a polar bear.

ground. After a while, he felt himself lifted up, through the air, higher and higher every minute. As he went up, he fell asleep. When he woke, he was in front of the house where the Man in the Moon lives.

"What?" cried my companion.

"Be quiet!" I said. "Don't say anything, or perhaps the little girl will stop."

In front of the house there was a big door, and in front of the door there was lying a big, ugly dog.

"Bow-wow!" barked the Moon Dog.

Mostly the Eskimos hunt seals as they come up to breathe.

The dog did not want to let the Eskimo in, but the Man in the Moon helped him, and the nasty dog had to be good and not bite.

"Oh! What a story!" said the Man from the Moon.

"Will you be quiet?" I said. "You will spoil everything, if you speak and let them know who you are."

When the poor Eskimo was inside the Moon House, the Man in the Moon woke him up.

"Where am I?" asked the Eskimo.

Wooden harpoons with bone heads are used in hunting seals.

"In the moon," said the man who lived there.

"I want to go home again," said the Eskimo.

"Very good. But you can't go home the way you came. Come with me, and I will show you the way back to Alaska."

Then the Man in the Moon took him through a white door, and into another room. In this room there was a hole in the floor, and through the hole you could see all the houses on the earth. Here the Eskimo got some food, not half so nice as a big lump of fat.

In summer the Eskimo lives in a skin tent.

"This is where I make the snow that falls in winter," said the Man in the Moon, and he took a long tube, and blew through it, and at once a shower of sparkling white snow fell down on the earth.

When he had finished making snow showers, the Man in the Moon said to the Eskimo, "Now it is time to go. If you get afraid, you will die."

He gave the Eskimo a push, and sent him through the opening in the floor. The Eskimo

Courtesy of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Eskimo children play out of doors through all the cold winter.

fell asleep, and when he woke again he was on the earth, where he heard the voice of his grandmother, calling to him to come home.

"What a silly tale!" said the Moon Man to me. "I never saw any Eskimo in the moon. There isn't a hole in the floor, and I don't blow snow through pipes."

Courtesy of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

These Eskimo children are Americans; their school in Alaska is the farthest north in territory of the United States.

"You needn't be cross," I said. "It's only a fairy story."

"Well, then, I don't like Eskimo fairy stories, all about men and holes, and pipes in my white, round, silver home."

"If you are going to be nasty tempered about it, we had better go," I said.

"As soon as ever you like," he replied, and in another moment we were off again.

EXERCISES

1. Imagine what would happen if you went up in the air in a balloon or airplane. How would you have to dress? Why?
2. Visit a museum if possible and see the Eskimo section. What would you expect to see?
3. If it is winter time and there is snow on the ground, try to build a snow hut like the Eskimo's.
4. Dress up like an Eskimo, or bring to school a doll dressed in an Eskimo costume. Get suggestions from the pictures.
5. Make, if you can, a small model of an Eskimo sledge.
6. Bring to school samples of fur. Tell why the Eskimos dress in furs.
7. Find pictures of whales, polar bears, seals, etc.
8. Make a set of reins out of cord or leather like those of the Eskimo's dog harness.
9. Think up a play with an Eskimo, his sledge and dogs in it.
10. Make a small model of a kayak, or Eskimo boat. Make an Eskimo paddle of wood. Try to make models of bows, arrows, harpoons, etc.
11. Put a piece of ice in a tumbler of water and observe how it floats. Why does the ice float? What part remains below the surface? What are icebergs?
12. Tell any story you think the Eskimo children would like to hear, for example, "The Three Bears."
13. Where does the snow come from? Look at flakes of snow and draw the peculiar shapes.

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A feather bonnet like this chief's was the Indian's way of dressing up for war and other great events.

CHAPTER III

RED INDIAN CHILDREN

"WHAT'S that?" asked the Moon Man, as we flew through the air.

"It's a bird," I replied.

"But it is carrying something," he said.

I looked again, and I could see that the bird was an eagle, and that there was a boy holding on to its feet. At first I thought that the bird was flying away with the boy, perhaps to eat him. But when we got nearer I saw that the boy did not look frightened or unhappy. He was a young Red or American Indian. I called to him:

"Where are you going?"

"Home," he shouted.

"May we come with you?"

"Yes," he called.

Before long we were on the ground, in the middle of a crowd of men, who looked first at the boy and then at us.

Photograph from Ewing Galloway.

While the game lasted, the Indians lived chiefly by hunting.

The men had dull red-brown bodies and long, straight black hair. They wore boots and leggings all made in one piece, and very soft, and they smoked long pipes.

"I want to know," said the Moon Man, "why the eagle did not eat that boy."

I asked the father, and this is the story I heard.

One day, the boy was out hunting with his bow and arrows, when he found a young eagle that had broken its wing and could not fly.

The boy took the bird in his arms, and the eagle lay very still and did not try to peck at him with its beak.

The little Indian carried the bird home and mended the wing. He also made a soft bed of grass and leaves for the eagle to lie upon. When the wing was well again, the boy took the bird to the rock where he had found it, and set it free. Then for many months he never saw his friend again.

Now, on the day when the Moon Man left the Eskimos, the boy had taken his canoe and had

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

Their favorite hunting weapon was the bow and arrow.

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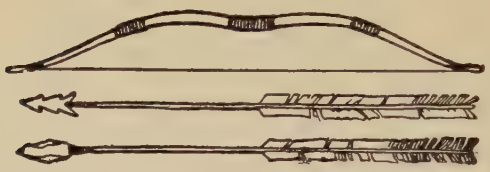
Whenever they could, the Indians chose a camping place on the bank of a lake or river.

gone out on the river to fish. His canoe was made of the bark of a tree, and the fishhooks were made of bone. The river ran swiftly along, and the boy was having a merry time, when he suddenly heard the noise of falling water. At once he grew frightened, for he knew that he was near a waterfall, and that soon both he and his boat would be dashed to pieces.

They made many canoes out of the bark of the birch tree.

Just as he got to the edge of the fall, an eagle flew down to him. It was his old friend, the bird whose wing he had mended. The boy stood up in the boat, and took hold of the eagle's feet. Away flew the bird, and so the boy was saved.

It was when he was being carried home that we met him.



Arrows had flint heads and were tipped with feathers.

I told this story to the Moon Man, and I said, "Now what do you think of that?"

"A very good tale," he said. "Much better than that story I heard when we were in the Eskimo country."

When the story was over, one of the Indians asked us what we wanted.

"We are going about, looking at children," I told him. "I suppose we may speak to your boys and girls, if we meet any?"

"They are all busy now," said the father. "The boys are shooting, or hunting, or making canoes; and the girls are making clothes of skins, looking after the cows, cooking food, and making baskets and mats. I don't think there is anyone

The tomahawk was a weapon like a small axe.

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

Indian babies were carried and hung up in upright cradles.

about except babies. There is one over there in its cradle."

We looked where he pointed, but we could not see any cradle. The Indian laughed. "You are

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

Indian children have always been very fond of dogs.

looking on the ground. It is not there; it is hung in the tree."

We walked up to the tree, and took a peep at the little one, swinging backwards and forwards in the wind. The Moon Man went right up to the

child, and wagged his head from side to side. The baby only laughed, and poked its finger in the Moon Man's eye. The old man stepped back in a hurry, dropped his lantern, and trod on the dog.

The dog howled so loudly that we could not hear what the baby was saying. But when the dog had ended his cries, we could hear the baby saying softly to itself, "Goo, goo, goo."

"I don't know what she means," said the Moon Man.

"No more do I," I said.

There was an old woman watching us, and so I said to her, "Can you tell us why this baby says

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

From childhood the Indian is seldom separated from his horse.

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

The Indian wigwam or tepee is a tent on a framework of poles.

'Goo'? We come from another land and we do not understand."

"Sit down," said the old woman, "and I will tell you what you want to know."

Why the Baby Says "Goo"

An Indian Legend

Once upon a time, in a village near the mountains, there was a very brave Indian chief. He had fought many battles and killed many men. No one else in the tribe was so brave as he.

He was not afraid of the ice giants that stole the women and children, or of the wicked witches who had their homes in the caves and holes in the rocks. He fought the giants and drove the witches from the land.

Everybody loved the chief. He was so brave and good that all the men and women in his village thought there was no one like him anywhere.

But when he had driven out all the giants, the chief grew vain. He began to think himself the greatest man in the whole world.

"I can beat any one," he cried.

Tepee poles could be used as sleds in moving camp.

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

Both men and women dressed in clothing made from deer skins and decorated with beads.

Now there was a wise old woman who also lived in the same village, and, when she heard what the great chief said, she laughed to herself.

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

The drum or tom-tom made the music for songs and dances.

"Our chief is very great," she said, "but there is one person in the village who is greater than he."

The people told the chief what the wise woman had said, and he came to visit her at her wigwam.

"Grandmother, who is this wonderful one that is greater than I?" he asked.

"His name is Baby," she replied.

"And where is he, grandmother?" asked the chief.

"He is there," said the wise woman; and she pointed to a place in the wigwam.

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

The Indian baby is the king of the wigwam.

The chief looked inside, and there he saw a fat little Indian baby. He was sitting in the middle of the floor, talking to himself, and sucking a piece of maple sugar. He looked very sweet and happy.

Now the chief had no wife, and he knew nothing about babies, but he thought, like all vain people, that he knew everything. So he was quite sure the baby would do whatever he told him. He smiled at the little one, and said in a coaxing voice, "Baby, come to me."

But the baby only smiled back at him, and went on sucking his maple sugar.

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

Many tribes of Indians are clever makers of baskets, pottery, and beadwork.

The chief did not understand this. The men and women in the village always did whatever he told them. He could not make out why the little baby did not do the same. So he smiled at the child again, and said:

"Baby, come to me!"

Copyright, Ewing Galloway.

Some Indian baskets are very large and handsome.

The little baby smiled back, and sucked his maple sugar, just the same as before.

The chief got very angry, because this was the first time that any one had not done what he had told him. He looked very cross, and he shouted in a loud voice: "BABY, COME TO ME!"

Then the baby opened his mouth and began to cry and to scream. The chief had never heard such awful sounds. Even the ice giants could not scream like that.

He did not know what to do, and he could not think why the baby would not obey him.

"Wonderful!" he said. "All other men fear me; but this little baby shouts back war cries, and I have never heard such awful war cries anywhere else in my life."

He had a little bag, in which he kept the things he used when he had to fight witches. He took out this bag, and shook it at the baby, to see if he could make it obey with this. He danced and he sang.

And the baby smiled, and looked at the chief with his big round eyes. He thought the chief was a very funny man, but all the time he sucked his maple sugar.

The chief danced till he was tired out. Water ran down his face; red paint came out in spots upon his cheeks and neck; the feathers that he had stuck in his hair fell down.

The Indians invented snowshoes for travel in the winter.

At last he sat down. He was too tired to dance any more.

"Did I not tell you that the baby was greater than you?" said the wise old woman. "No one is so strong as Baby. He is the king of the

Copyright, Rodman Wanamaker.

Some tribes have learned to be skillful weavers of blankets.

wigwam, and always gets his own way. Everybody loves him and obeys him."

"It is as you say," said the chief, as he went sadly out of the wigwam. And as he went he could hear the little baby talking to himself on the floor.

"Goo, goo, goo!" he crowed, as he sucked his maple sugar.

Now, when you hear the baby calling "Goo, goo, goo," you will know what it means. It is his war cry, and he is saying it because he thinks of the time when he drove the chief out of the wigwam of the wise old woman.

EXERCISES

1. Could a bird like an eagle lift a boy? Why?
2. Dress up like an Indian.
3. If you can, bring to school a moccasin. What is it made of? Why did the Indians not wear shoes like ours?
4. Try to make bows, arrows, quivers, etc., like those which the Indians used.
5. Try to find a piece of birch bark. Make a model of an Eskimo canoe out of the birch bark.
6. Read stories about animals or relating to animals and their behavior. [*Teacher.*—Those by Thornton Burgess would be suitable. Tell the story of Androcles and the Lion, the Lion and the Mouse.]
7. What is a *papoose?* Make a small model of a papoose in its cradle using a little china doll.
8. Try to weave small mats, baskets, etc.
9. Make colored drawings of an Indian with his feathers.
10. Make drawings of an Indian village showing wigwams, horses, dogs, etc.
11. How is maple sugar made? Why would an Indian child be sucking a piece of maple sugar instead of a piece of candy? What other kinds of sugar do you know? Where do they come from?

Courtesy of Near-East Relief.

The boys are shepherds on the great grass plains of Asia.

CHAPTER IV

CHILDREN OF THE STEPPES

"WHERE shall we go next?" asked the Moon Man, as we left the wigwams of the Red Indians.

"We will go to Asia, and take a peep at some boys and girls who live in a land all covered with grass," said I.

Now the Moon Man flew so slowly that I went to sleep, and just as we reached the place where the children of the grasslands live, I lost my hold and fell down to the earth. The Moon Man was so upset that he fell too, and the dog, who could fly no better than I could, came down flop on both of us. We all three went right through a hole in the top of a big round tent. In the middle of the tent there was a fire, and on the fire there was a pot full of water. The Moon Man fell on the pot, and sent it rolling across the carpets on the ground. We made such a mess! The dog barked loudly because he had burned his

tail, and we woke up a man who was sleeping in one corner of the tent.

"What are you doing?" he growled.

"I don't know," I said. "We have had a fall."

"Where from?" he asked.

"Up there," and I pointed to the sky.

The home of the steppe people is a round tent.

At first he thought we were telling stories. He went outside to look for our horses, but none were to be seen, so he knew that we were speaking the truth. No one had ever come to visit him in this way before, and he thought we must be very wonderful people. He brought in all his family and made them look at us.

"See," he said. "Here are two men who have come from the sky."

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

Sometimes the walls of the tents are made of woven reeds.

"We can't stay very long," I said. "We have come to see your children. Where are they?"

"Here is the baby," I heard a little girl say, and she showed us something wrapped up in a bag made from the hair of a camel.

The Moon Man would not go near it. He was afraid the baby might say "Goo," and poke its finger in his eye, as the Indian baby did.

"I want to go outside," he said to me, so outside we went.

We could not see a tree anywhere. There was nothing but grass, and on this grass there were

PRIVATE
WILLIAM E.
No.

Courtesy of Near-East Relief.

Great flocks and herds are the wealth of the steppe dweller.

grazing hundreds of sheep, goats, cattle, and horses.

"What a lot of grass they must eat," said the Moon Man. "If they stay here long, it will all be eaten up."

"When the grass is gone, we move on to another place, where there is more," said the cross man. "Sometimes we move every day."

"Where is the school?" asked the Moon Man.

"There is no school," said a boy who was standing near us.

"Don't you learn anything?" we asked.

"We learn to ride horses. I began when I was three years old. They put me on a horse,

with a child's saddle, and I was soon able to go without help. I can ride any horse now," he said proudly.

"Is that all you know?"

"Not quite all. I can watch the sheep, to see that they do not stray, and I can help when we

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell.

The steppe dwellers are very fond of horses and always drive them to pasture on the best grass.

move from one place to another. If you stay here to-night, and go with us to-morrow, you will see that the boys of the steppes can do many things."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, no. Only very wise men can read and write. Even father can't read, and he is very rich and a great fighter."

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell.

On the grasslands the flocks and herds are constantly being moved to new pastures.

The Moon Man and I said that we would pass the night with these shepherds, and go with them the next day, as far as they went. It was very hot, and we slept outside the tent, on the grass. All the old folks slept inside, but the children spent the night with the flocks. In the morning they told us that they always did this in the summer, but that in the winter they slept with the cattle, in holes or in caves.

They got up when the sun rose, and all the women and children were soon hard at work. They took down the tent and packed up everything on the backs of the camels. The girls and the women wore their best clothes.

We went very slowly, with one man in front as a guide. He held out a spear to show us the way to go. The old women sat on the backs of horses and camels, and made yarn out of camel's hair as they went along. The girls followed on foot, but the boys and the men all had horses. The boys wanted to show us how clever they were on horseback, and they ran and galloped, round and round us, for a long time.

When we stopped for the day, the father took the saddle off his horse, and lay down to sleep. The boys, with much noise and shouting, drove

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell.

The framework of the steppe tent is built of willow sticks.

all the sheep and goats near, and the women began to put up the tent. The men did nothing at all. The tent was round, and was built of sticks of willow. It was covered, on the outside, with felt made of wool or camel's hair. The door was a piece of felt which rolled up and down. In the middle of the roof, which was like a basin, there was a hole. Through this hole, the smoke from the fire went out, and the light from the sky came in. The children put carpets on the ground and hung up the bags that held the food. Then they lighted the fire and put the pot on for dinner. It was all done in a few minutes. All this time the men slept.

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell.

The sides and top of the tent are covered with felt.

"I am hungry," said the Moon Man. He was always hungry! "When do these people have their supper?"

"Don't expect supper. They don't eat bread, and they have their meals when they feel hungry. If nobody feels hungry before to-morrow, you will get nothing to eat."

He looked so sad that I went to one man who had his eyes open, and asked if we might have something to eat.

"That is a very good idea," he said. "I could do with a little bit of smoked horse myself."

"Horse?" said the Moon Man, and he looked so pleased. He liked everything nasty that he

could get. I would have given my hat for a bit of beef and potatoes. But these men never eat beef. They like horse and mutton, cut up in small pieces and fried in fat. If they have any wheat, they cook it in water and eat it with sour milk.

I saw the Moon Man run into the tent, and when I got there he had his mouth full.

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell

The framework and covering of the tent are made so as to fold easily for packing on camels.

"You are a greedy old man," I said.

"All right," he answered. "You come and live in the moon, for hundreds of years, where there is nothing at all to eat. When you get back here, with the Eskimos and the Indians, you will be very glad to eat whale, or horse, or whatever

you can get. This is a very fine dinner I'm having."

When he had finished, he said to me, "I've had enough of this."

"I should think you had," I replied. "I never saw any one eat so much as you in all my life."

Methodist print.

As in all eastern countries, on the steppes the donkey is another useful beast of burden.

"I don't mean the dinner," he said. "I mean I've had enough of the place and the people. I want to go somewhere else. There's nothing much to see here."

"Nothing to see!" I said. "There are hundreds of miles of grass, some tents, sheep, cattle, goats, camels, men, women, and children, and no hurry anywhere. What more do you want?"

"I've seen all that, and it will be the same to-morrow as it is to-day. I should think these people don't change much."

"You are quite right. They are the same to-day as they were many, many years ago. But I think we had better stay here to-night, for the chief is giving a feast, and we ought to see it."

In the evening the feast began. We sat round the tent in rings. The men were in the first ring; the boys were in the second ring, and the girls and the women were against the walls. A woman brought some water, and we washed our hands. Then the chief began. He put his hand in the pot and took out what seemed the best piece.

He had one bite and handed the lump of meat to the man sitting next to him. We all had a bite in turn, and when it got to the outside ring, where the women were, there was not much left on the bone. Each woman took what she could from the bone, and when there was not a tiny bit of meat left on it, a girl threw it outside to be fought over by the dogs.

When we had eaten as much as we could, we washed our hands again, and sat down to listen to a man who told tales.

He began: "Once upon a time——"

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

In moving, the women ride on the backs of camels.

"I've heard that before," said the Moon Man.

"You have not," I said, "and if you do not learn to keep quiet when people tell tales, I shall go home, and you will have to find another guide."

"I won't say a word," he whispered.

This is the story we heard:

Once upon a time, there was a chief who had no son. He went to a great feast, and all the men laughed at him, for they had many sons. The chief grew angry and rushed away from the feast. He took his horse and his wife, and he rode away where no one could see him or make fun of him because he had no son.

He wept so much that he could not see where he was going. He went through big rivers and down deep holes, but he did not know this. He was blind with crying. This went on for many days, till one day a baby boy came to the tent, and he was happy again.

He took great care of his boy and taught him how to ride a horse, how to shoot, and how to look after the flocks. When the boy was six years old, he was taller, and more clever, than any other boy of his own age. The only game he liked was shooting.

"That boy will be a great fighter," said the father to his wife.

"He will be what God means him to be," she replied.

When the boy was ten years old, he said to his father: "Father, have you any enemies? If so, I will go out to kill them."

"You are too little," replied his father. "Wait till you are older, and then I will give you a good horse, one that will never tire, and

you can go where you like. Stay at home now, and wait."

The boy said nothing, but that night he went away by himself. He found a place where no man lived, and there he stayed for a long time. When he was hungry and wanted food, he shot

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell.

The tents of the wealthy shepherds are floored and hung with rich carpets and rugs.

a few birds. Every day he grew stronger and stronger.

One day, he saw men far away, and he went to meet them on foot. He knew they were enemies, and he was going to fight them. He was not afraid. He began the fight before the

Courtesy of Near-East Relief.

Most families have so few possessions that they can be moved very easily.

others got up to him. He shot a horse, then a man, then another horse, then another man, until there were many dead on the plain. At first, the enemies were afraid, but when they saw that there was only one boy to fight, they dashed up to him, to try to take him or kill him.

But they could do nothing at all. The spears and the arrows would not hurt him.

All the time he had been away, his father had been looking for him, and this very day he was not far off. When he saw the dust, and heard the noise, he knew that there was fighting.

"Saddle my horse," he said to his wife. "Bring me my bow and arrows, and my spear. Perhaps our boy is there. I will go to his help."

"Don't worry," said the wife. "Everything will happen as God wishes."

The father flew over the plain on his fastest horse, but when he reached the place where he had seen the clouds of dust, there was only one person there. That was his son, who was lying on the ground, fast asleep. The enemies had gone away to bury their dead.

"Drink this, my boy," said the father, as he gave him some milk. "Drink this and be strong."

The boy drank, and at once was fresh and ready to fight again. He jumped on his horse, dashed after the enemies, and in a few hours killed five hundred more of them.

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

The steppe dwellers near towns sometimes have rude, high-wheeled carts.

He went home with his father and stayed there for two or three weeks. Then he said, "Let me go away again. I want to see your brothers and sisters."

The father said, "There are robbers on the road. They will kill you."

"I am not afraid," said the boy, and he set off.

When he got near to the place where his father had lived, he found enemies all round it. But he at once began to fight them as before. The fight went on for six days, and at the end of that time every foe was killed. The boy went into the city, where everybody was glad to see him. They gave him fine food and clothes

Courtesy of E. Nelson Fell.

On the steppes hawks are still trained to hunt small game and other birds.

Photograph by Joel Eriksson.

Felt is made by beating or rolling wool or camel's hair.

and made a great fuss over him. At last he went back to his own home, and lived with his father and mother till the end of their lives.

"What a silly tale!" said the Moon Man. "A boy could not kill hundreds of men like that."

"It's a fairy story," I replied, "and fairy stories are never true. Cinderella was not really a real girl."

"Who was Cinderella?" asked the Moon Man. "I never heard of her. We don't have fairy tales in the moon. Nobody knows any."

"Then I don't want to live in the moon. I think it must be a very dull place."

"Bow-wow," said the Moon Dog. He liked fairy tales.

"What's that?" said the Moon Man. And he jumped up in a hurry.

"A camel," I said.

"What's a camel? Is it a horse?" he asked.

"No. A camel is a camel. These shepherd people use camels as well as horses when they cross the plains."

"Where do they buy the camels?"

"In the sandy lands. The Eskimos live in the ice lands. The shepherd people live in the grass lands. The camels come from the desert lands, where the Arab lives. There is no rain in their country, and it is always very dry."

"I should like to see these dry lands," said the Moon Man.

This is the costume of the men of the steppes.

"Off you go, then," I said, and in a short time we were in the big desert where the Arabs live.

EXERCISES

1. Do you know the names of any people whom you think come from Asia?
2. Must one make a long trip in coming from Asia to this country?
3. What things that we use come from Asia? Bring samples of any articles that you think have come all the way from Asia.
4. Why are certain parts of Asia covered with grass instead of trees? Are there any places in this country like the steppes? What do we call such places? Where are they? How could you reach them?
5. Make a model of the tent used by the people of the steppes. See the picture on page 58.
6. Dress a doll so that it looks like the figure on page 76.
7. Can you draw a picture of a camel? How would you like to live among the people of the steppes? Why?
8. What do sheep and camels eat? Of what uses are these animals? Why do the people of the steppes like horses? Is there anything there for the horses to feed on? Why are the people of the steppes called *nomads?* Have we any such people in this country?
9. What things do these people eat? What food that we eat do they have to do without?
10. Do the people of the steppes speak English? Why do they not use tables, chairs, forks, and spoons as we do? These people often make beautiful rugs. Where do they get the materials to make them?
11. In what ways do the people of the steppes differ from the Eskimos? The Indians?

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

The desert is a hot, dry, barren waste of rocks and sand.

CHAPTER V

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT

WHEN we got down on the ground, the dog went mad with joy. He dug holes in the sand with his feet, and rolled over and over in it. The Moon Man had a smile on his round face, and the smile was so big you could not see his eyes.

"Why are you both so merry?" I asked.

"Because there are no trees here, and no grass. It is the same as in the moon. Nothing grows there. Of course," he went on, "it is not really just like the moon, for here it is hot and there it is cold, and there we have only rocks, but here there are rocks and sand."

But soon his face grew sad. I thought perhaps he had got some sand in his eye, and I asked him, "Why are you going to cry?"

The dog lay down and howled till the tears ran down his face, and the Moon Man looked as if he had had no dinner for a week.

"I can't see anybody," he cried. "There are no camels and no children."

"Cheer up!" I said. "I can see something over there."

Across the hot, brown land there was a long line of camels. They were so far away that we could not see the people, but the Moon Man flew off with us, and soon landed us at the caravan.

The camel is the chief means of travel in the desert.

I went up to the leader of the party, and asked him, "May we go with you?"

The chief was riding on a horse. He wore a black and white cloak made of camel's hair. On his head and down his back was a long piece of silk.

"You may come," said the chief, but I do not think he was pleased to see us.

Courtesy of the "Missionary Review."

When he is to be loaded or unloaded, the camel kneels at the command of his driver.

"May I ride on a camel?" called out the Man from the Moon.

"Yes," he said, and he smiled. I could not think why he laughed.

There was one camel with no one on it. The driver made it kneel down, and the Moon Man climbed on its back. As soon as the camel felt the man on his back, he rose with a jerk, and the Moon Man fell off. The sand got in his eyes and in his ears, and the chief laughed more than before.

Rare springs of water rising in the desert make green and fertile oases.

Then the Moon Man tried again. The driver put his foot on the camel's knee, and kept it still while the Man from the Moon got into the saddle. When he was seated, the camel stood up, and the Moon Man almost fell off once more. But he clung to the saddle, and so was saved.

Courtesy of E. V. Wilcox.

Dates grow on the date palm in great hanging bunches.

We went on till the sun became too hot. Then we stopped at a place called an *oasis*. Here there were wells of water and some trees with dates on them. The men made the camels kneel down, and we all got off their backs. Some of the servants put up the tent. Some made us cof-

In the desert the Arab lives in a tent.

fee, and others made a little loaf of bread for the fairies. You must never forget to feed the fairies that live in the desert, for if you do they will be cross and spoil all your food. The greedy Moon Man drank ever so many cups of coffee before he would come to see the tents.

The Arab tent is made of hair from goats or camels, and is held up by six or eight poles. The poles are tied by hair ropes to wooden pegs. Inside the tent, curtains are hung up to divide it into two parts. In one of these rooms the women

When he settles at an oasis, he lives in a house.

A large oasis is a busy meeting place for traders and resting place for travelers.

and the children live, and no man is allowed to go into this room.

"I want some one to play with," shouted the Moon Man, and two or three boys came running out of the tent.

"Where are the girls?" said the Moon Man.

"In the tent," answered one of the boys. "Girls don't play games. They help mother to take care of the tent. They make cloth and look after the baby. When we have any wheat, they grind it into flour between two stones."

Photograph by Publishers' Photo Service.

The camel is so useful in the desert because he can go for days without water.

"Now what shall we play at? I like games," said the Moon Man.

"Let's climb trees," said one boy, and off they ran. There were many trees at hand, and the boys were quickly at the top, but the poor Moon Man could not climb as high as his own head.

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

The hot winds of the desert drift the sand just as snow is drifted.

The trees were date palms, and the boys filled their mouths with ripe fruit before they came down. They threw two or three dates to the Moon Man, but he did not seem to like them.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"It's so hard," he replied. He was trying to chew the stone. This made everybody laugh, and

the Moon Man grew angry and threw the stones at the dog.

In the desert there are many robbers, and men often have to fight. So the boys learn to throw spears and ride horses. They asked the Moon Man to play at throwing spears with them, and he said he would. The boys and the Moon Man stood in two lines facing each other, and the dog and I sat down to watch. Each boy had two spears. When I called "Go!" each boy on one side threw his spear as hard as he could at the boy facing him. This boy skillfully caught the spear in one hand and, at the same time, threw his own spear with the other hand. As soon as the Moon Man saw a spear coming straight for his head, he turned round and ran away. He did not like that kind of game, and he asked for another.

This time they tied a boy, with a long rope, to a peg. They each took a little whip and tried to strike the boy in the center with it. If he could catch any one, that one had to be tied up and be whacked in turn. The Moon Man was soon caught, and then he said he would not play. He did not mind hitting any one else, but he did not see the fun of letting the little Arab boys hit him.

[Book I, *facing page 88*]

A home in the desert.

We all sat down under the trees, and the Moon Man asked, "What do you learn?"

"We learn to ride horses, and we learn to fight," said the oldest boy. "We move from place to place, and so we have to help to herd the animals. Father teaches us the names of the

Heavy winds in the desert cause dangerous sandstorms.

stars, for we must often find our way by them. There are no roads in the desert. If there are many wells at a place, a little town or village grows up, and in such places there are schools."

"May I see a school?" asked the Moon Man.

There was a school at the oasis where we were resting, so we went to visit it. It was in a house

made of mud bricks that had been dried in the sun. When the boys went in, they took off their shoes but kept on their hats. They sat on the floor, and sang their lessons all together, making such a noise. The books began at the last page, and not at the first; they began at the bottom of the page, and not at the top; and they began at the right-hand side, and not at the left. This was funny to me, but not to the Moon Man, for he could not read. There are no books in the moon.

There was one boy who would not play and would not come with us to the school. He would not do anything.

The flat-roofed Arab houses are built of mud bricks.

Elmendorf photograph, from Ewing Galloway.

A long spear was the favorite weapon of the Arabs until they learned to use guns.

"Is he ill?" I asked.

"No," said one of the boys. "He is not ill. He is only selfish as a camel."

"Why do you say as selfish as a camel?" I asked.

The oldest boy began: "Once upon a time——"

"Bother!" said the Man from the Moon. "He is going to tell me a fairy tale."

"Listen," I said. "Perhaps this is a true story." The boy began again.

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

The date palm provides shade and food for the Arab nomad.

Once upon a time, an Arab sat in his tent on a very cold night. A camel stopped outside and poked his head into the tent.

"If you please," said the camel, "can I come in? It is so cold out here."

"You can put your head in, and warm your nose," said the Arab.

Soon the camel said, "Can I come in a little farther? I want to warm my neck."

"I don't mind if you do," said the Arab.

By and by the camel said, "Can I put my front legs inside? They won't take up much room."

The kind Arab went to one side of the tent, which was a very small one, and made room for the front legs of the camel.

"I might just as well come right in," said the camel. "If I stand half in and half out, I keep the tent open, and you will be cold."

The Arabs have wonderful horses, and every boy learns to ride almost as soon as he can walk.

"Come in then," said the Arab.

So the camel went in, and then there was not room enough for both the man and the beast.

"Ah!" said the camel, "I see there is not room enough for two. You had better go outside. Then there will be room enough for me."

And the camel pushed the kind Arab out of his own tent into the cold outside.

"And," added the boy who had told the story, "that's why we say any one is as selfish as a camel."

"How do you like that tale?" I asked the Moon Man.

Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

The Arab women grind wheat and corn between rough stones.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

The families that have goats churn their milk in a goatskin.

"Not at all," said the Moon Man. "It isn't true. He said it was a cold night. Why this sand is as hot as fire."

"That is so," I replied. "The desert is always hot in the day time, but at night it is sometimes very cold."

"I don't believe you," said the Moon Man.

He was like all people who know very little. They think they know everything. But when the night time came, he was glad to share my blanket, and he even tried to take more than half of it for himself. But I just said "Selfish as a camel" to him, and he stopped trying to pull the blanket off me.

EXERCISES

1. What is the cause of deserts? Why is there no rain? Tell how rain is caused. [The children will be interested in an account of the River Nile which has been said to make Egypt one great oasis.]
2. How can the Arabs live in the desert? How do they obtain, food, clothing, shelter?
3. Why is the camel more valuable than the horse to the people of the desert?
4. How can the caravans find their way? Why are there no roads in the desert?
5. Why are the Arabs so kind to their horses and camels?
6. Are there ever storms in the desert? Tell how you think a storm in the desert would make you feel? What would you do to save yourself from the flying sand? How does the camel act in such a storm?
7. Why is it cold at night in the desert?
8. Try to make a drawing of a camel. See the picture on page 86.

CHAPTER VI

CHILDREN OF THE SAVANNA

IN the morning, the Moon Man said, "I must go home soon. The moon's windows will need cleaning, and there is no one there to do it. Take me somewhere else."

"Fly then," I cried, "and go south till you see some trees."

We flew till we came to a land where there was rich grass and a number of trees. The day was hot, and there was no rain at this time. In this country rain falls only at certain months in the year. Far away, we could see the edge of a real forest, where the land is full of trees and where I was going to take the Moon Man when he was tired of the place to which he had just come. When we were down on the ground, we could not see where to go, for the grass was high above our heads. We could see nothing and nobody.

"We are lost," said the Moon Man, and he howled like a big baby.

"Fly till you come to a house then," I said, and we flew out of and over the grass till we came to a spot where there were a few houses. The houses were made of grass and the bark of trees, and they had roofs made of leaves. There were no windows, but each house had two doors.

Photograph by H. L. Shantz, from U. S. Department of Agriculture.
The savanna is a vast rolling country covered with rich grass and scattered trees.

"What a heavy tent!" said the Moon Man.

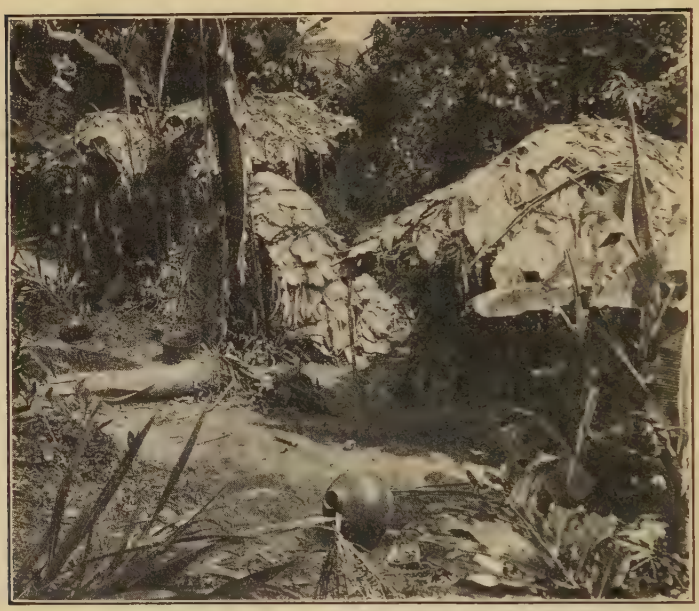
"It is not a tent; it is a house," I answered. "The people who live here are negroes. They do not wander about like Eskimos and Arabs. They can get food from the trees, and from the animals, and from the fish. They do not wander,

Courtesy of James Barnes.

Often the grass of the savanna grows high above the head of the tallest man.

so they do not want tents. They build houses, where they live all the year round."

We went into one of the houses. It was dark inside, and at first we could not see very well, but when our eyes were used to the darkness, we saw a black mother with a black baby in her arms. There were baskets hanging on the walls; there were beds made of poles; there was a stone on which to grind corn, and there were wooden spoons and dishes. But the funniest thing of



Photograph by H. L. Shantz, from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The negro builds his home of the materials at hand; some huts are covered with large, thick banana leaves.

all was the black baby. It had black skin, thick lips, a flat nose, and teeth as white as snow. Its head was covered with woolly curls, and its eyes shone like little stars.

"Where are the children?" we asked.

"I have only one," said the black mother, "this little baby. But I will take you to see my sister. She has two boys and two girls."

The mother tied her own baby on her back with a strip of cloth that went over her shoulder.

"Why not leave the baby at home?" I asked.

"I couldn't," she said. "I take the baby everywhere."

As we went to the other house, we saw women pounding corn with a heavy hammer, and each woman had her baby on her back. Bang went

Photograph by H. L. Shantz, from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Most houses on the savanna are thatched with grass over a framework of poles.

the hammer; up jumped the baby! Its head went backwards and forwards, and I thought its neck would be broken. But the baby did not seem to care a bit. It slept quietly as if it were at home in a cradle. There are no cradles for these children, and when the mother is tired she just

puts the little one on a heap of soft leaves. If it cries, no one takes any notice; negroes like noise.

"Come in," said the black woman's sister. The boys were playing outside, and I saw the Moon Man did not want to go into the house, but I knew we should find the girls inside, so I said to him, "Let us go in for five minutes. Then we can come out again."

We found the girls helping their mother to do the work of the house. One was sweeping the floor with a brush that was only a bunch of twigs; the other had gone to fetch wood and water.

"Why don't they put their clothes on?" asked the Moon Man.

"These people do not wear many clothes. It is too hot."

The baby had no clothes at all. The women and girls wear strings of beads or metal bands round their necks, wrists, and ankles. The first suit of clothes a boy gets is only a square patch of cloth covered with beads of different colors, and this he hangs on a string round his waist.

"I'm hungry," said the Moon Man, and they gave him a banana. He had never eaten one before, and he was quite happy when he got hold of a big bunch. I was afraid he would make

Courtesy of "The Spirit of Missions."

Negro mothers carry their babies on their backs wherever they go.

Courtesy of the "Christian Herald."

Corn may be ground to meal by rubbing between stones.

himself ill, so I told him to put the bunch of bananas on the floor and come outside to see the boys. At first they would not speak to us, but when I gave each of them a handful of beads they soon became friends.

"I'm so hot," said the Moon Man.

"Come and have a bath then," said one of the boys.

"A bath!" said the Moon Man. "What's that?"

"You jump in the river, and get wet all over," said one of the boys. The Moon Man did not seem to like the idea.

"Don't you have baths in the moon?"

"Never!" said the Moon Man.

"Dirty old man!" I said.

"Well, how can I?" said the Moon Man. "There isn't any water in the moon. But I'll have a bath now, if you like."

Methodist print.

Often meal is made by pounding corn with a heavy hammer.

So we went down to the river, and jumped into the cool water. How the Moon Man shivered, and how his little dog barked! But the dog stayed on the bank. When we were drying ourselves in the sun, the Moon Man asked:

"Do you do this often? I don't like it."

Said one little negro, "We don't wash much in the morning, when we rise, because it is too cold, but as soon as the sun warms the water, into the river we go ever so many times a day."

"Every day!" said the Moon Man to himself, and he looked so sad.

"Have a bit of stone?" asked a boy.

Courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Gathering wood is an important task of savanna children.

Photograph from Publishers' Photo Service.

Negro women wear many ornaments of beads and metal.

"To throw at some one?" said the Moon Man.

"No," laughed the boy. "To scrape yourself with." And he at once began to scrub his feet and hands with a piece of stone.

"Many thanks," said the Moon Man. "I will not have a bit of stone. Try it on the dog." But the dog would not come near us.

Then one of the boys threw us each a small piece of wood.

"What is this for?" asked the Moon Man.

"To clean your teeth with," said the boy. And he bit one end of the soft wood till he had made

Courtesy of James Barnes.

Negro children are fond of bathing in the streams that drain the savanna.

it into a kind of brush. With this he cleaned his teeth.

There was one boy who had no hair on his head.

"Why is that boy bald?" I asked.

"His father died last week," answered one of the children. "When anyone in the family dies,

we shave all the hair off the head to show how sorry we are."

"I'm hungry," said the Moon Man. He was not really hungry. He was just greedy. I told the little negroes what he had said, and they re-

Photograph by H. L. Shantz, from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The boats of the negroes are dugouts made from solid logs by cutting or burning.

plied that as they had only two meals a day, he would have to wait till the afternoon before he could have a meal.

"What will I have to eat then?" he asked.

"Porridge."

"What's that made of?"

"Corn meal. And it's all in nice thick lumps."

"Good!" said the Moon Man. "And what did you have this morning?"

"Green corn, bananas, and sweet potatoes. Mother does not like cooking early in the day."

"Don't you eat anything between the two meals?" I asked.

"Yes, anything we can get, but we must get it ourselves. Would you like something now?"

"Rather," said the Moon Man, and he looked quite happy once more.

All the boys went off to look for food, and as they came back again, they put what they had found in front of us, and the Moon Man took the lot. One boy brought a small bird, and another two mice. The others gave us woolly caterpillars, locusts with the legs and wings pulled off, white ants, frogs, snails, snakes, sugar cane, and bananas. I stuck to the sugar cane and the bananas, but the Moon Man tried everything, and what he did not eat the boys soon ate for him.

"Let us play at something," said the Moon Man. All he cared for was eating and playing. To please him, we had some negro games.

The boys gave us each an arrow and asked us to shoot, but try as hard as we could, we could

Photograph from Keystone View Co.

The banana plant not only produces food; the fiber in its broad leaves can be woven into coarse cloth.

Photograph by H. L. Shantz, from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The negroes grow corn or maize like ours; they call it "mealies."

not hit a thing. The little negroes killed several small birds. With these they would make gravy to eat with their porridge. Some of them lay down in the grass, and called the birds to them by making sounds like those the birds make. When the birds came near, the boys shot their arrows and killed many of them.

"This is not playing," said the Moon Man. "This is killing."

But the negro boys had to kill animals for food, and their games were nearly always some kind of hunting. They went after rabbits with

Methodist print.

At most meals they have corn-meal porridge or "mealie-pap."

dogs. The dogs drove the rabbits out of the long grass, and the boys knocked them down with sticks. We dug up field mice, which were kept for dinner, but we got so tired of seeing the small live things hurt that we would not play any longer.

The negroes were sorry to see us taking no pleasure in their games, and we told them why. Then they showed us other games, but they were all to do with hunting. Some boys lay in the grass and pretended to be deer. Another boy was the lion, and he crept up quietly and caught

them. Then we played in the water, and one boy was a crocodile and tried to catch his friends. One little chap had a bad leg, and could not go into the river, so he played with the mud. He did not make mud pies, for he had never seen a pie, but he made cats and dogs, lions and mice, out of the soft clay, and put them to dry in the sun. The Moon Man, who did not like the water, sat down by his side and said, "Tell me a story."

And this is what the little black fellow told him. The story is about the rabbit. Some countries always think of the fox as the cunning animal who plays tricks, but the negroes think the rabbit is the sly one, and many of their stories are about him.

There was once a rabbit who went to the river to get a drink of water. In the water he saw a hippopotamus, and on the bank, not far away, he saw an elephant.

Said the rabbit to the hippopotamus, "Let us take a rope and pull. I will hold one end, and try to pull you on the bank. You can hold the other end, and try to pull me into the river."

"Don't be silly," said the hippo. "It would be a waste of time, because I am ever so much bigger than you are."

"You are afraid," said the rabbit. "Come now. Let us pull, and the one who loses shall pay the other a large sum."

"All right, then," said the hippo, and the rabbit went off to find a rope.

On the bank he met the elephant, and he said, "Let us take a rope and pull. I will hold one

Courtesy of Universal Film Manufacturing Co.

The lion is the terror of men and animals on the savanna.

end, and try to pull you into the river. You can hold the other end, and try to pull me up the bank."

"What nonsense!" said the elephant. "I am so much bigger that it would be silly for me to play a game like that with such a little chap."

"I see," said the rabbit. "You are afraid. Come now. Let us pull, and the one who loses shall pay the one who wins a great deal of money."

"All right, then," said the elephant, and the rabbit went off to find a rope.

When the rabbit had found the rope, he went down to the river and gave one end to the hippopotamus. "Wait till I call out that I am ready," he said, "and then pull as hard as you can."

Then he went up the bank, and gave the other end to the elephant. "Wait till I am ready,

Photograph from Ewing Galloway.

The hippopotamus feeds on the grass on the banks of rivers.

Courtesy of Universal Film Manufacturing Co.

Hunters of ivory have driven the elephants into wild regions.

down by the river bank, and when I call out, pull as hard as you can."

The rabbit now hid himself in the long grass, and called out for the pull to begin. The elephant tugged hard at one end of the rope, and the hippopotamus pulled for very life at the other, but neither of them could move the other. The rabbit watched them, and as they got hotter and hotter he laughed till his tail nearly dropped off. All day the two big creatures held on to the rope. But at evening each of them thought he had had enough, and let his end of the rope drop.

At that moment the rabbit came out of the grass, ran down to the river, and said to the hippopotamus, "You have lost."

"I know it," said the hippopotamus. "I never thought you were as strong as all that."

"Pay up," said the rabbit, and the hippo paid.

Courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Negroes are very fond of dancing and begin lessons early.

Then the rabbit flew up the bank, and came to the elephant.

"You have lost," said the rabbit.

"I have," said the elephant. "What a strong animal you are."

"Pay up," said the rabbit, and the elephant paid.

And that was how the rabbit became so rich.

EXERCISES

1. What are the houses made of in the savanna? Where do the people get the material for the building of their houses?
2. What do you think the inside of the house looks like? What kinds of food do the people eat? How do they travel from place to place?
3. Do you think the little children of the savanna are happy? Why?
4. What wild animals do you think may be seen in the savanna? How do you think we have found out how these people of the savanna live?
5. Is it usually warm or cold in the savanna? What makes you think so?
6. Do the people have schools? How do the children learn anything?
7. Are any of the people farmers or shepherds? What makes you think so?
8. Why do not white people in large numbers live in the savanna? What kind of clothing do the people wear. Why?
9. Why do the girls use brooms made of twigs for sweeping?
10. Do we get anything from the savanna that we can use?
11. What animals in the zoo or circus might have come from the savanna?
12. How do bananas grow? Do they cost much to the people of the savanna?
13. Why is it that the boys can shoot arrows so well?
14. What kind of food do elephants eat? Can they get this in the savanna?
15. Have you ever heard any other stories of the cleverness of the rabbit?

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

Pygmies are about as tall as a ten-year-old American boy, but they are very fierce and strong.

CHAPTER VII

CHILDREN OF THE FOREST

"IT'S time to go home," said the Moon Man, and the Moon Dog put his tail between his legs and looked sad. But he did not howl. He did not want me to see him cry. He just crawled up to a little black baby and licked it all over.

"But before you go," I said, "we must visit the forest that you see over there to the south."

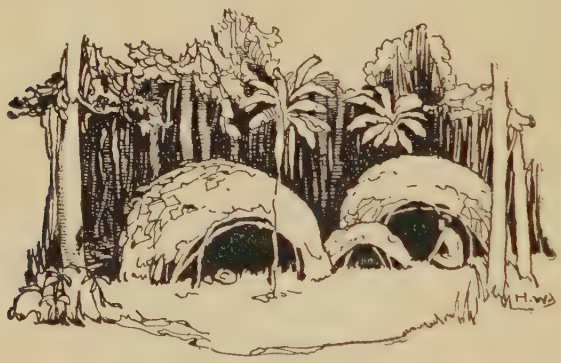
"Shall we fly?"

"No. You cannot fly into the forest. The trees are so close together that there is no room to fly. We must walk."

We flew to the edge of the forest, and pushed our way in between the tall trees. It was quite dark in places, for the leaves were thick and many, and hid the sun. It was wet, for it rains there nearly every day. There was a smell of damp earth and rotting leaves that we did not like. I could see the Moon Man did not want to

go on, but I made him come with me. We walked all the morning, but we saw no one.

About noon we came to a place where a few trees had been cut down and where there were some huts. An old man came out to meet us. He had no clothes on and was not much taller than the back of a chair. With him was a small boy, who ran away when he saw us.



The pygmies clear a small space for their rude villages.

"Who are these people?" asked the Moon Man.

"They are pygmies, little people, who never grow tall."

"Are these fairies?"

"Of course not," I told him. "Fairies are even smaller than these dark men, and they are very pretty."

Photograph by H. L. Shantz, from U. S. Department of Agriculture

Constant rain makes the forest of the pygmies a dense jungle.

We tried to get a small boy to come with us and show us the way through the forest, but all were afraid. At last we gave one boy an old straw hat and a red blanket, and told him he could have a ride on the Moon Man's back. That made him quite happy, and with this little boy we walked until the evening. But nowhere did we see any more children.

We saw the older people at one place. They were dancing to the beating of a drum. The chief had a new son and was having a party.

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

Pygmy houses are rude shelters of sticks and leaves.

There would have been no party if the new baby had been a girl.

At last we found a few children. They were eating bananas which had been given them by a man who lived just outside the forest, where there were fields. The pygmy children are very fond of bananas. In the forest they have nothing to eat but meat, no bread or cakes or rice. At times they like to have a little fruit or porridge. Then they take bits of some animal they have killed and trade it for bananas or other things that they would like to eat.

"Will you come with me to the Moon?" the Moon Man said to one of them.

"Yes, for two bananas," they all said at once. No one wanted to stay at home with his father or mother. The pygmy children do not love their fathers and mothers, and their fathers and mothers do not love them. They care nothing

The pygmies have no games but dancing.

for their own land or people. All they want is to hunt and to eat.

They are cruel to one another. They threw stones and shot arrows at the Moon Dog till it ran away and hid itself from them in one of their huts.

"I don't think I like these children," said the Moon Man. "I will not take one home with me. He might hurt my old dog, or put out the light of the moon. But I would like them to tell me a

story before I go. I like fairy tales now. I have heard so many."

"They have no tales," I said. "These children do not tell one another stories. They know nothing about the past. They do not think about the future. They have no God, and they say no prayers."

There were tears in the old man's eyes, and the dog's tail was as limp as a bit of wet string.

"Take me home," I said. "I have shown you many children, and my own little boys and girls want to see me now."

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

The pygmies make fire by rapidly rubbing two dried sticks together.

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

Their chief hunting weapon is the bow and arrow.

I had hardly said the words when I found myself at home in the garden.

"Good-by," said the Moon Man. "Some day I will come back, and go with you to see more children, in other lands."

But he has never come back. I was sorry to see him go. I had grown quite fond of him, even though he was rather stupid. But of course he could not help being stupid. Anybody would grow stupid who had to live for ever and ever in a land where there are no children.

EXERCISES

1. Why are there so many trees growing near the Equator? What do you think the people eat? Where do they get their food? Do they have to work for it?
2. What kind of money do they use? What kind of clothes do they wear? Why?
3. Do many white people live there? Why?
4. Do you think that you could understand what they say? Could they understand you?
5. How did the first white travelers make them understand them?
6. Do they ever have Winter? Spring? Fall? At Christmas time is there snow on the ground? Would the children understand our story of Santa Claus and his reindeer? Why?
7. What kinds of trees grow in these forests? How do the people travel?
8. What sorts of animals live in these forests?
9. What are the houses made of? Why do they not build houses like ours?
10. When these children have a party what kinds of things do they eat?
11. Could you tell the children of the forest anything about our country which you think would surprise them?
12. Would you like to live there? Why?

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